



Chapter 7 Restraints



—THAT'S GOOD. ...I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO FACE HER.

I SEE.

YEAH, SHE WENT TO GO SEE ONE OF OUR BOOGIES THIS MORNING.

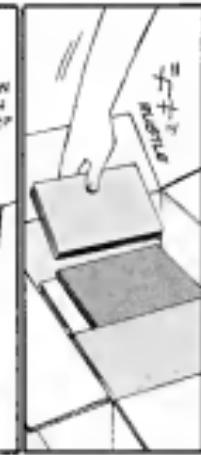
...IT LOOKED LIKE SHE WASN'T AROUND THIS MORNING... WHERE'D SHE GO?



















"THE
FRENCH
TOAST
YOU
MADE
WAS
REALLY
GOOD."



Package Bread 6 slices













WHY
ME?











TAKE THESE FINGERS OVER TO THE LITTLE CUTIE'S PLACE AND SAY THEY BELONG TO THIS GUY.

OH, THIS IS PERFECT.

M-M-M-
MIDOU-SAN,
W-W-W-
WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?!
AAAAH!!

SNARL!

IT
HURTS...!
IT
HURRRRTS
!!!



SO I'M A
HOSTAGE
TO LURE
OUT MEI?
ME?

SHUT

JUSTICE
44

"WOULD
YOU HAVE
PREFERRED
THAT I WERE
THE ONE
WHO DIED?"

THERE'S
NO WAY MEI
WOULD COME
TO HELP ME.

MUNCH















